

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

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ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,
IN ADVANCE.

Six months, 75 cents. No subscription for a less period received.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
Money sent us otherwise than by registered letter, postal money order, or draft on New York, will be at the risk of the sender.
AGENTS.—We employ no agents. The NATIONAL TRIBUNE has many volunteer canvassers, and they are generally honest and faithful; but persons who confide their subscriptions to them must be their own judges of their responsibility. The paper will be sent only on receipt of the subscription price.
ADDRESSES, RENEWALS, ETC.—Addresses will be changed as often as desired, but each subscriber should in every case give the old as well as new address. In renewing subscriptions should be careful to send us the label on the last paper received, and specify any corrections or changes they desire made in name or address.
CORRESPONDENCE.—Correspondence is solicited from every section in regard to Grand Army, Sons of Veterans, Pension, Military, Agricultural, Industrial and Household matters, and letters to the Editor will always receive prompt attention. Write on one side of the paper only. We do not return communications or manuscripts unless they are accompanied by a request to that effect and the necessary postage, and under no circumstances guarantee their publication at any special date.
Address all communications to
THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,
Washington, D. C.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

WASHINGTON, D. C. JULY 28, 1892.

FARMERS, ATTENTION!

A SPLENDID PAPER VERY CHEAP.

The American Farmer from Now until End of 1892 for 25 Cents.

The American Farmer is the oldest agricultural paper in America, having been published in Baltimore since 1819. Last Winter it passed into the hands of a new management, who have greatly enlarged and improved it. It is now a superb journal of 32 large pages, with a handsome cover, and finely illustrated. It is issued on the 1st and 15th of each month, and gives a larger amount of better reading matter for the money than any other agricultural paper in the country. All the leading agricultural writers contribute to it, and great amounts of money are constantly being expended to secure the best available information on all farming matters.

The American Farmer is thoroughly non-partisan in politics, but is a strong advocate of protection upon every farm product which comes into injurious competition with those of foreign countries. It is particularly earnest in its support of the tariff on wool and the development of the sheep-raising industry of this country, and gives our farmers the supply every pound of wool and mutton that our people require. It devotes considerable space every issue to information in regard to sheep-raising and the discussion of matters of interest to flock-owners. Besides this it has departments devoted to Dairying, Poultry, Bee-keeping, Horses, Swine, Grain-raising, Stock and all branches of farming.

One of its peculiarly valuable features is that it publishes in every issue the latest-issued maps of the Weather Bureau, giving the temperature and rainfall all over the country for the previous two weeks. This information is of the utmost importance to every farmer in judging the probable course of the market. It is precisely the information that the grain speculators have been securing at great expense, in order to shape their operations. By means of these maps the readers of The American Farmer are given just as reliable information as to the condition of the crops everywhere as the speculators and operators have, and thus are placed in exactly as good position to judge the course of the market.

In order to give all the farmers of the country an opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with the many merits of The American Farmer, the management has decided to make the extraordinary offer to send the journal for the remainder of 1892 to anyone sending them 25 cents. This is a great opportunity to get a vast amount of unusually good reading matter for an insignificant sum.

Address all communications to
THE AMERICAN FARMER,
1729 NEW YORK AVENUE,
Washington, D. C.
Sample copies free. Send for one.

IF YOU ARE COMING.

If you think of coming to the National Encampment, send THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE a postal card, with your name, address, regiment, brigade, and corps.

The railway employees will be the principal sufferers by the decision to close the World's Fair on Sunday. People will plan to go there and come away on Sunday, so that the travel will then be greater than on week days.

Even the great, rich State of Pennsylvania needs a lively shaking up on the school question. Principal Hamilton, of Easton, Pa., points out in an article in the Philadelphia Press that in some portions of the State the pay of women teachers is as low as \$10 a month, or less than that of the average cooks. In 69 districts in the State the pay is less than \$20, and in 354 districts the pay is under \$25. No wonder that it is hard to keep woman teachers from getting married.

AFTER 16 years of unequalled control of South Carolina by the "White Man's Party," the clergy of the State have been appealed to by the State of South Carolina to appoint a day of general fasting and prayer in the interests of law and order. The petitions to this effect, which are being generally circulated and signed, set forth that "No man's life is safe in South Carolina." Could the situation have been worse if the negroes had been allowed to exercise their lawful rights? It is another illustration of the truth that

Blindly bloodthirsty, being taught, Return to plague the inventors.
Men who combine to violate the law in any particular soon feel the need of the law to protect themselves from their accomplices. The South Carolinians sowed in the wind, and they are now reaping in the whirlwind.

SLANDERING AMERICAN MANHOOD.

Not content with slandering veterans in its home edition, the shameless New York Herald is abusing them in its Paris edition, and delighting the Europeans with its calumnies of the men who composed the armies of the Union.

This is mean beyond expression. The slanders do comparatively little harm at home, where every family that had a son in the army, and every community in which veterans are leading citizens, knows that those men were not shirks, cowards, and bounty-jumpers. But how injurious it is to our National honor to have one of the leading papers of the country continually denouncing the patriot armies as composed of the scum of the earth!

How exceedingly absurd these venomous assaults are as a matter of fact. The soldier-haters claim that virtually all the survivors of the war are either pensioners, applicants for pensions, or about to become so. They freely admit that the war was one of the most sanguinary known in history, and prodigies of valor, fortitude, and constancy marked every stage of it. This being the case, the next question is: Who performed all these? Is it possible that all the brave men died during the war or since, leaving only the shirks as cowards to live? Has Death, usually so impartial, gone about since the war hunting up who were good soldiers and striking them down, and taking particular care that the shirks and cowards should be granted fullness of years? This is the only theory which will justify those brutal attacks.

The actual truth is that while there are too many unworthy men on the pension-rolls, the proportion of these to the deserving is utterly insignificant. We can confidently challenge any soldier-hater to draw 100 cases at random from the files of the Pension Bureau and examine them. He will find that those 100 men served longer in actual war than any other 100 men to be found on the pension or military rolls of any country at any time; that they rendered harder service, encountered more dangers, fought more bloody battles, and generally better earned their pensions than any soldiers known to history. We repeat this challenge. It will be a satisfactory test, and we have no fears as to the result.

The war of the rebellion was a glorious exhibition of American manhood. It showed that, taken as a whole, we produced the bravest and best soldiers the world had ever known. Every village, every Township sent forth heroes fit to stand proudly by the side of the bravest in history. Heroism and patriotism were not the virtues of a select few, as in other lands, but the characteristics of the whole mass of our people. The malignancy of such papers as the New York Herald would deny this and degrade our people into a race of cowards and shirks, with a few shining exceptions, who are long since dead and disappeared from the pension-roll.

SONS OF VETERANS AT THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT.

Very important duties are to be assigned to the Sons of Veterans at the G. A. R. National Encampment, and it is hoped and expected that they will be present in large force, uniformed, armed and equipped. The Sons of Veterans have been put under the charge of the Committee on Reunions, of which John McElroy, of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, is Chairman. Maj. E. R. Campbell, a leader among the Sons of Veterans of the District of Columbia, and commander of a battalion in the District of Columbia National Guard, has been put in charge of the Sons of Veterans. Tents will be erected for the Commander-in-Chief and such other high officers of the Order as may be present, on a beautiful sward on the south front of the magnificent building of the State, War and Navy Department, and adjoining the White House grounds.

The greater part of the interest of the National Encampment will center in the Reunions held on the White Lot, and there will be gathered on those grounds almost constantly fully 100,000 veterans and their families.

The management of this immense throng will be a great work, and it is expected that the Sons of Veterans will do a large part of it. They will act as guards, escorts and Orderlies. Distinguished officers will have to be escorted to the grounds in military style, guard lines established at times to separate the crowds for Reunion purposes, and Orderlies on duty at the various headquarters to give information, and conduct veterans whither they may be sent. All this will be very appropriate duty for the Sons of Veterans, and one which they will be glad to perform, as it will be strictly military in its character, and will keep them in the very center of the activity at the National Encampment, when they will see everybody present and be present in all the proceedings of interest. At least 1,000 uniformed Sons of Veterans are needed for special orderly duty at the various corps headquarters to assist in conducting the veterans to their brigade and other headquarters, and in performing other duties appropriate to Headquarters Orderlies. All these should be in full Sons of Veterans uniform. Brethren who desire assignment to this or other duty under the Reunion Committee, should report at once by letter to the Editor of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

If you come to the Encampment without a supply of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE Portrait Cards it will be a great disappointment to your comrades. They all want your picture to take home with them to look at after years when they are thinking and talking about you.

CUBA.

Plotting is reported for another insurrection in Cuba, and an outbreak is believed to be imminent. If there ever were justification for rebellion in the history of the world it is afforded by the condition of the "Queen of the Antilles." That fruitful land has been despoiled for nearly four centuries for the benefit of a little ring of aristocratic spoils-bunters about the palace at Madrid. Their greedy hands have been laid on every enterprise and industry the people have engaged in, and they have taken to the last limit that the people could endure. Every year a new batch of officials—from Captain-General down—made up from the hungry hangers-on of the ring, is sent out to Cuba to enrich themselves, and when they have gorged to repletion they are replaced by a new batch. This system would be intolerable in any other country settled by men of European descent. It became intolerable to the other Spanish-American colonies early in the century, and they took advantage of the prostration of Spain after the Napoleonic wars to throw off her odious yoke.

But it hardly seems possible that an insurrection in Cuba can succeed. There are at most but about 1,500,000 people on the island, and a large proportion of these are lately-freed negroes, Chinese, and very degraded whites—all quite inferior materials for a patriotic army. The Cubans have been allowed to acquire comparatively little wealth, and they must necessarily be sadly deficient in arms and military stores. What little can be secretly secured in the United States will not go very far.

Spain can move against the insurgents a very powerful force. She has a population of 17,000,000, and an army of 144,000 on a peace footing. Her navy is sufficient to thoroughly blockade the island, and prevent reaching the insurgents from the outside. The only hope of the latter would be in getting the United States involved in the trouble, and so receive assistance from us.

We should certainly have Cuba, first, because that would give us full control of the Gulf of Mexico, which would be of the greatest advantage in protecting our Gulf coast, our trade with South America, and that which will come through the Nicaragua Canal; and, further, because we send to the island every year for \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000 in gold for its sugar, molasses, tobacco, etc. If we could buy the island at any reasonable figure we should do so by all means; but this is wholly unlikely, as the palace ring at Madrid will not let such a rich fountain of wealth go. There are only two ways in which we are likely to get the island by purchase. The first is to wait until such time as Spain shall be so utterly prostrated by a great foreign or domestic war that she will be compelled to sell to avoid National bankruptcy, and the other is to develop our own sugar and tobacco production to such an extent that we cease to become the principal customer of Cuba for these things. We now take about 98 per cent. of all the sugar produced in Cuba, and if we raised the greater part of our sugar at home the plantations on the island would become of slight value, and the income of the colony to the mother country would be so reduced that she would be willing to part with what is now her most profitable dependency.

THE USE SHE MAKES OF IT.
A Kentucky comrade sends us the following item from the Louisville Post, and writes with considerable indignation in regard to it:

Woman is an intensely loyal being, and when once devoted to a cause nothing can shake the fidelity with which she clings to her choice. A little incident was told me the other day which strikingly illustrates this fact, as well as the wonderful beauties of the Government pension system. There is a charming widow in the city who in her early youth married a man that differed with her in politics, and when the great chasm yawned between the North and the South he enlisted under the Stars and Stripes. His wife, however, still remained true to the cause of her friends and neighbors, yet in spite of her political differences, the pair lived in perfect domestic happiness. When her husband died, his widow, though a woman of considerable means, filed an application for a pension, and in due course of time her claim was allowed. Now, as regularly as the pension arrives, she hands it over each month to the Women's Confederate Monument Association. In this way she soothes her conscience for taking from the Government money of which she does not stand in need, and she aids the cause she loves. The incident is one from which the enthusiastic advocates of a wholesale pension appropriation will derive little consolation, and it will, on the other hand, bring to the opponents of this system an opportunity to see the greatest sort of revenge that must be exceedingly pleasant.

The use this woman makes of her pension money is, of course, decidedly wrong, but we do not see as there is any help for it. Any general law must be very general in its nature, and it cannot provide for individual contingencies. The woman's husband earned the pension for his widow, and it will have to be given her. She was entitled to his pension because of her being his wife, and the use she makes of the money is entirely beyond the control of the United States. Under the terms of the law it is her money, and she can do with it as she pleases, regardless of the sentiment and feelings of the general public.

Every comrade wants his portrait on his card, that his friends and comrades may have it as a memento of him. See NATIONAL TRIBUNE's portrait-card advertisement in

There is just a suspicion of jealousy in the following paragraph from the Boston Herald:

Sixty thousand veterans is the number they are counting on for the National Encampment of the G. A. R. at Washington next September. This will beat the Boston and Detroit Encampments by several thousands; but perhaps we needn't allow ourselves to be disconcerted until the muster is over. Some anticipations are not fully realized.

Don't put off your orders for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE Portrait Cards a single day. It is only a few weeks now until the Encampment, and there will be a great rush for them as the time nears. First come, first served.

THE ASSAULT ON MR. FRICK.

The outrages committed by the workmen during the strike at Homestead, the murderous attack on Chairman Frick cannot be laid at their door. It was the work of a sensation-loving scoundrel of the Giteau type—an indolent, vicious, worthless creature—consumed with vanity and an inordinate idea of his own importance, and willing, even, to die if he could thereby attract general attention to his insignificant personality. Such men are much more abundant in Europe than in this country, because the freer, healthier, sounder public spirit here is decidedly unfavorable to their development. In Europe, where the people suffer grievously from the inequalities of social conditions and the injustices of privileged classes, such men find an opportunity to pose as in some sense avengers of public wrongs and martyrs in the cause of the people. This is impossible in a country like ours, where justice is the general rule, and a vicious loafer who turns murderer can have no public sentiment to glorify his villainy.

Bergman is a rascal of unmitigated character and the type of a class like Giteau, which should be destroyed like poisonous snakes or vicious dogs the moment their depraved, dangerous character becomes evident. We say "should be" advisedly, knowing full well that mankind public sentiment prohibits such summary disposition of these pests to society. All the same, we reiterate they should be. Every day of their evil lives is an injury to someone. Before their capital crimes bring them prominently before the public they have had a long career of petty swindling, of defrauding those who trust them, of thieving, of maltreating unfortunate women—their sisters, mothers, wives, and mistresses—and other offenses.

Of course, Mr. Frick's life is of no more value than that of any other man who has been shot during the troubles at Homestead. The nature of the assault upon him calls for this extended comment. He was shot simply because recent events directed public attention to the fact that he was a very rich man and a large employer of labor, and he was shot by a scoundrel who had no other motive than to gain notoriety by an attack on a man in Mr. Frick's position.

LEARNS NOTHING BY DEFEAT.

Mr. Cleveland is one whom defeat and rebuke can teach nothing. He continues to talk as wildly and demagogically about the tariff as ever. That portion of his remarks upon accepting the Presidential nomination touching upon the tariff was as notoriously false and misleading as the utterances made while in the Presidential chair, which caused so much anguish to the wiser portion of his adherents. For example:

Senators are enacted in the very abiding place of high protection (Homestead) that mock the hopes of toil and demonstrate the falsity that protection is a boon to toilers.

At the time of saying this Mr. Cleveland, in common with other people who read the papers, knew that the scale of wages which the owners of the Homestead mills proposed to have go into effect July 1 was as follows:

Daily	119-in. Plate	Daily
22-in. Slab, \$23 basis.	Roller, \$20	
Blowing Mill, \$23 basis.	Screwman, \$20	
Heater, first helper 4 7/8	Tableman, 4 1/2	
Crane-man, 2 1/2	Hooker, 4 1/2	
Roll engineer, 3 1/2	Shearman, first 4 1/2	
Roll tableman, 2 1/2	Shearman, second, 4 1/2	
Slammer, 2 1/2	Shearman, third, 3 1/2	
Shear tableman, 2 1/2	Heater, 6 1/2	

He also knew that this scale is from 50 to 75 per cent. higher than the wages paid the same class of workmen anywhere else in the world.

Representative Oates, of Alabama, a fellow-Democrat, and who went to Homestead as a member of the House Investigating Committee, reports with astonishment the largeness of the wages earned by the Homestead workers, and the comfort in which they lived.

Again Mr. Cleveland said:

Turning our eyes to the plain people of the land, we see them burdened as consumers with a tariff system that unjustly and relentlessly demands from them in the purchase of the necessities and comforts of life an amount scarcely met by the wages of hard and steady toil.

The best answer to this is the report of the Senate Committee to investigate wages, prices of Agricultural products, and cost of living. This report, which is signed by every member of the committee, including ex-Speaker Carlisle and Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, says:

The final result announced by the Committee of the computation is that the cost of living of a family in ordinary circumstances was 54 of one per cent. less Sept. 1, 1891, than it was Sept. 1, 1890. The inquiry was made into May 1, 1892, in the cities of Fall River, Mass.; Chicago, Ill.; and Dubuque, Iowa. The result of this latter inquiry shows a further decline in the cost of living in May 1892, as compared with September, 1891, of 2.1 per cent. and as compared with 1890 of 4.4 per cent. This supplemental inquiry discloses the fact that the tendency to lower prices and to lower cost of living still continues.

Mr. Cleveland should understand that while obscure and reckless speakers and writers may make any sort of assertions they please with comparative impunity, a man occupying his conspicuous position should try to keep within at least halting distance of well-known facts in his public and formal utterances.

OUR TICKET OFFER.

The time is drawing near for the closing up of clubs for our Free-Ticket-to-Washington. The National Encampment opens the 20th of September, and our books must close not later than Aug. 31. We urge that all who are raising clubs go to work with renewed activity and finish up their clubs at the earliest possible date. This is an excellent opportunity for a veteran to provide himself with free transportation to Washington and return, or for sons and daughters of veterans to make a most acceptable present to their fathers. It requires but little work to get up a club for so excellent and so large a paper as THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. There are many in every com-

munity who will subscribe for the mere asking.

We particularly urge that all who are getting up clubs send in at once all the names they have already secured or may secure. The names sent in will be carefully credited, and the subscribers will receive their papers without delay. This is very desirable.

Those who have already sent in names for these clubs are urged to send in at once another list of the names already furnished, that our books may be checked off, and the proper credit given each club raiser.

ENCAMPMENT TICKETS.

The following are the regulations adopted by the railroad associations with reference to tickets to Washington and Baltimore and the battlefields during the Reunion of the Naval Veterans at Baltimore and the meeting of the G. A. R. National Encampment:

NAVAL VETERANS OF THE U. S., BALTIMORE, Md., Sept. 15-19. G. A. R. NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 20.

Tickets to be ordinary, non-signature excursion form; to be sold and good, going, Sept. 13 to 20, and valid for return passage until Oct. 10, inclusive. For the meeting of the Naval Veterans, excursion tickets to be sold to Washington only, except that from points from which the rates to Baltimore and Washington are the same, excursion tickets may be sold to either Baltimore or Washington, with privilege of stop-over at either point.

From all points from which the rates to Washington and Baltimore are the same, excursion tickets via the Baltimore & Ohio, Norfolk & Western, Chesapeake & Ohio, and Richmond & Danville Roads to be issued to Baltimore, with privilege of stop-over at Washington; and excursion tickets via the Pennsylvania Road to be issued to Washington, with privilege of stop-over at Baltimore. Excursion tickets from Washington to the battlefields in Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania, to be sold at the rate of one fare for the round trip, going and returning by the same route, and at one and one-half cents per mile traveled going by one route and returning by another; such tickets to be sold at Washington, Sept. 22 to 30, good returning until Oct. 8, inclusive.

On all tickets issued in Central Traffic or Southern Passenger territories beyond stop-over privileges to be allowed either going or returning as follows: on the Pennsylvania Road between Harrisburg and Washington; on the Baltimore & Ohio Road between Cumberland and Washington, and between Lexington, Va., and Washington; on the Norfolk & Western Road between Honoke and Washington; on the Chesapeake & Ohio Road between Staunton and Washington, and on the Richmond & Danville Road between Danville and Washington.

The comrade who comes to the National Encampment with a package of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE's Portrait Cards of himself will be doing a great favor to all his old comrades. They will take back the cards with them as their choicest souvenirs of the great meeting. They want them for their own gratification to show their family and friends as to how the men look of whom they have talked so much, and also to the "old boys" who were unable to come to the Encampment. These cards only cost \$3 per 100, where the charge for ordinary cards is \$2 per 100.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE's portrait cards are the biggest thing out. See advertisement in another column.

TRIBUNETS.

COULDN'T BLAME IT.



Uncle Hawback (in Hotel Highprice)—I've been reading that sign of your'n up there, young man, and ponderin'.

Clerk—It is plain enough, isn't it? "Fire Escapes This Way."

Uncle Hawback—Yes, it's plain enough. An' I was jest thinkin' that if you charge the same rates for feedin' fire that you do for people, I don't wonder that it escapes this way or any way.

SOCIETY ON THE HALF SHELL.

CHAPTER I.

"Ar-har!" grated old Bagrot, the Platorator, cussing his fourth and ultimate chin. "You say you love my daughter?"

"Ye-yes, sir," humbly answered the honest young mechanic, pulling down his celluloid collar. "Mam-madly! Dad-dad-devotedly!"

"What do you mean, Sirrah?" cried the Platorator, for he was very angry, and always said "Sirrah" when he was hot. "What do mean by darsing to ask for the hand of my daughter, you beggar?"

"I am nnn-not a bab-bub-beggar!" returned the young man, firmly. "Tut-tut, I am nnn-not exactly waw-waw-wallowing in w-w-w-ealth, but, nnn-sir, I nnn-see-sometimes make as much as nnn-us-sen-tenty-five cents in half a day."

"When your fortune equals mine," said the Platorator, snapping his jaws like a wolf-trap. "I will give my consent to your suit, and not till then."

"Keep up a stout heart," he added, with cutting sarcasm. "My fortune is only \$2,000,000, and at your rate of income you ought to equal it in between 3,000 and 4,000 years. Till then, ta! ta!"

CHAPTER II.

One year of the proscribed three or four thousand had scooted down the corridors of time, and once more the honest young mechanic and the fourth-placed Platorator were face to face. The place was the sumptuous office of the aged young man.

"Er-hum!" began the Platorator, attempting to cough up a cat. "My dear boy, forgive my harshness of a year ago. I was wrong. Take her, my boy, and may Heaven bless you both!"

verting cuts? Got behind yourself! I go now to plight my troth with Gloria McElroy-boggie, the plumber's daughter."

SATSMITH WONDER.



Sat-smith—Aw, Steele, I've been wondering. Steele—That so, Sapp?

"Yah, Jaw Jaw! You know the powwow plantor factories use up thousands and maybe millions of holes each year, and yet there never seems to be any scarcity of holes. I wonder why it is."

ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD.

Butcher—Good morning, Mr. Lincoggle; fine day, sir!

Lincoggle—Yep! It's Monday, you know. Butcher—Monday? Um-huh! I—

Lincoggle—Saturday night drunks are fined on Monday. See?

Butcher—Haw! Haw! Lincoggle—I never saw a fine bologna as that last batch of yours. It was dogged good!

Butcher—Haw! Haw! Lincoggle—I presume you are suffering from river complaint nowadays, eh?

Butcher—Haw! Haw! Lincoggle—And that's not the worst; is it?

Butcher—Haw! Haw! Lincoggle—Well, as I have raised a steak, I'll take a small roast if you can spare a rib or two.

Butcher—Haw! Haw! Lincoggle—You are like a highwayman, Bullson, because you lie in wait.

Butcher—Haw! Haw! hooray! Mr. Meeks (entering)—Mr. Bullson, I am sorry to say that the last steak you sent to my house yesterday was half a pound short in weight. It was a mistake, of course, and I—

Butcher (wistfully)—Look here! Do you mean to insult me? Git out of my shop before I throw you out! [Exit Meeks.]

Butcher (cheerily)—That's the way to settle a kicker, eh?

Lincoggle—Ox-actly. [Exit.] Butcher—Haw! Haw!

A Sage (who had been waiting all the time)—Mr. Butcher, how is it that you allowed that man Lincoggle to insult you repeatedly, and yet promptly bounced the customer with the mild complaint?

Butcher—Lord bless you, sir! Mr. Lincoggle didn't insult me. He is the humorist of the Social Boomerang. Them was jokes.

THE ANGEL.

Mrs. Codling (to her brother-in-law)—How did the baby behave while I was gone, Dick? Like an angel, I know; the dear little creature never makes a bit of trouble.

Dick (slightly sarcastic)—Oh, the little angel didn't do a thing except to pull enough hair out of my head and the cat to stuff a circus tent, smash my watch, yell for 10 minutes without taking breath, bang himself through the rungs of the rocker, stab a few dozen holes in the sofa and the window with a poker, swallow my sea ring, stuff the sofa cushion into the coal hod on top of the cat, stamp the whole business down with the poker and set fire to it, knock down the clock, throw the cat through the window, rip up half a breadth of carpet, and spill the contents of his bottle into the piano. Glorious, the next time you leave that little angel in my charge, kindly send the Coroner around 10 minutes after you leave the house. He will find yours truly and the cat peacefully hanging side by side.

LIMITED.

The Sage—After all, how limited is man's power! Even the denizens of the barn-yard daily outdo him in the wisdom which he possesses.

The Plain Citizen—What do you mean?

The Sage—Why, though man can lay a brick with ease, he can never, never lay an egg.

PERSONAL.

Rev. W. R. Parsons, of Columbus, O., who was a gallant Union soldier, and always wears the Grand Army button, says he met Gen. James G. Field, the People's Party candidate for Vice-President, on a train between Indianapolis and Chicago a few days ago, and he asked him if he had heard, as reported, that he was sorry he had not killed more Union soldiers when he was in the rebel army. "I do not remember saying it," said Gen. Field; "but that is my sentiment."

The youngest private soldier has had his fancies in the National Tribune for some time, and now comes the Brigadiers. A Pennsylvania claims that the youngest officer of the Union army to wear the "double stars" was Gen. Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania. He was a Colonel of volunteers at 20, and a Brigadier-General when but six months past his 24th birthday.

Gov. Peck, of Wisconsin, was a private soldier during the war, and was once a humble printer living on a back street. He now lives handsomely in the house in which Ole Bull, the famous violinist, once lived.

President Harrison receives his salary in monthly installments. On or about the 25th of every month the Treasurer of the United States sends to the White House, sometimes by messenger and on other occasions by mail, a check for \$4,066.66.

Out in the Blue Grass country they are telling this romantic story about Gen. William Henry Harrison, "Old Tippecanoe," the grandfather of the present occupant of the White House: "When he was only 20 years of age he wooed Miss Monarchy Fenwick, a bewitching maiden of Frankfort, Ky., but did not win her favor. Upon parting with the girl he placed a ring on her finger, saying: 'Monarchy, when I am President of the United States, send this ring to me with my request you may have to make, and I will grant whatever you ask if it is in my power.' Smiling at the jest, so the story goes, she took the valuable circlet and placed it among her treasures. When she next saw her old admirer she was the wife of Judge Samuel Todd, a wealthy and prominent citizen, and he looked almost as famous a husband as she. He had been elected President